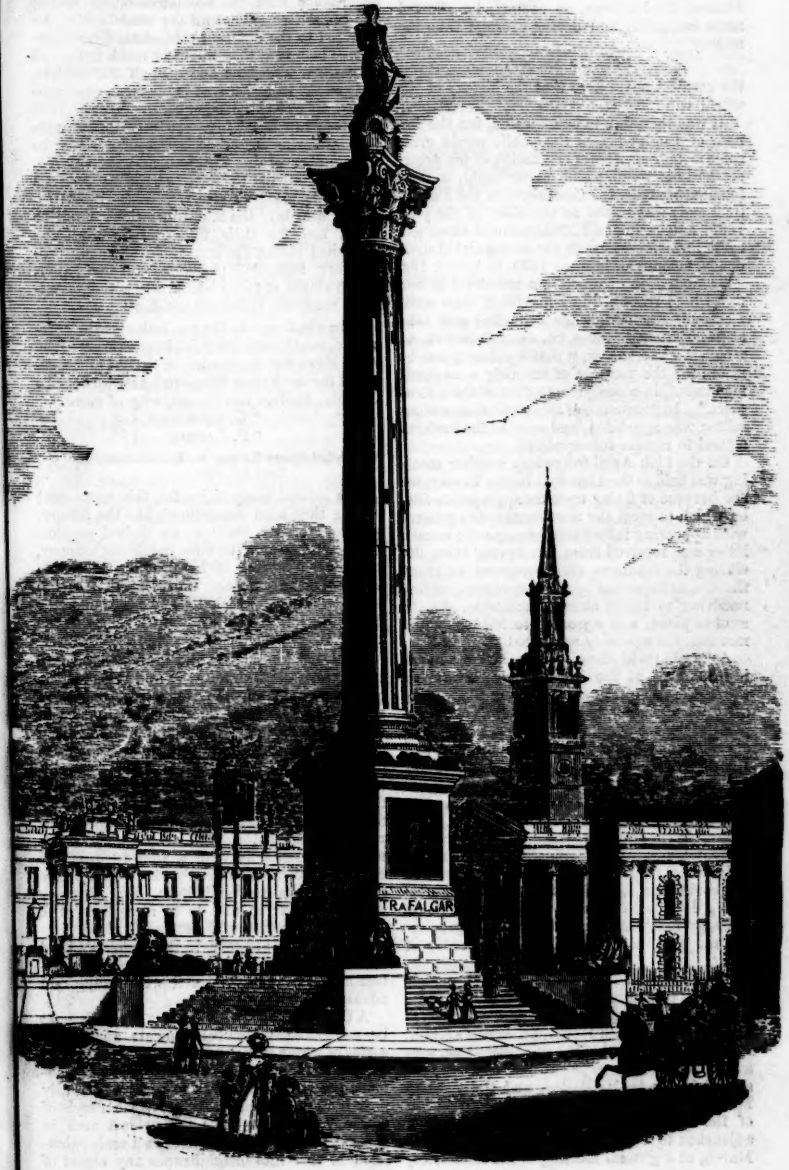
The Mirror.

No. 957.] SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1839. [Price 2*d*.



THE NELSON MEMORIAL.

ENGRAVED, BY PERMISSION, FROM MR. RAILTON'S DRAWING.

THE NELSON MEMORIAL.

During the late war, no commander showed more invincible and daring courage than the mighty

HORATIO NELSON,

the greatest naval hero that the history of the world can record.

It was therefore to be expected, for the honour of England, that the public would erect some memorial of their estimation of his prowess and his worth; and, accordingly, a fund (emanating from the Committee of the Patriotic Fund) was raised at the close of the year 1805, amounting to 1,330*l.* reduced three per cents., which sum, with the accumulated dividends, amounted, in June 1838, to 5,545*l.* 19*s.*

The question of erecting a memorial to our naval hero remained in a quiescent state until February 22, 1838, when a meeting was held at the Thatched House, St. James's-Street, at which it was resolved, "that a subscription be raised for the purpose of erecting a national monument, in a conspicuous part of the metropolis." In pursuance of this resolution, a committee was appointed, and most of the bankers agreed to receive subscriptions.

On the 11th April following, another meeting was held at the Thatched House Tavern, for the purpose of fixing upon an appropriate site, on which to erect the monument,—the general wish appearing to be Trafalgar-square; when a letter was received from Mr. Spring Rice, declaring the readiness of government to grant the site, as requested by the Committee. After resolving to invite artists, architects, &c. to send in plans, and agreeing to hold a public meeting, the assembly separated.

Agreeable with the above resolution, a meeting was held at the Freemason's Tavern, on the 22d of June following, when a liberal subscription was announced, the Queen's name appearing for the sum of 500*l.*; the Queen Dowager, for 200*l.*; the Dukes of Wellington and Buccleugh, 200*l.* each, and many others for various sums.

On the 1st of August following, a meeting was held at the London Tavern, the Duke of Wellington in the chair, at which meeting, the site in Trafalgar-square was finally approved of.

It was there reported by the secretary, that the committee had issued advertisements inviting designs to be delivered by the 31st of January following; and for awarding prizes for the first, second, and third in order of merit.

Accordingly, 118 drawings and 41 models were sent to Rainy's gallery, Regent-street.

On February 23d, many of the subscribers met at the Thatched House, St. James's street, to receive the report of the sub-committee, who awarded the first prize to Mr. Railton, the second to Mr. G. H. Bailey, and the third to Messrs. Fowler and Sievier. The confirmation of the sub-committee's recommendation was adjourned to a future day. And on the 9th of March, at a general meeting of the committee, it was resolved that the prizes be awarded in accordance with the recommendation of the sub-committee.—That all the models, &c., be restored to the different competitors, the committee believing they might be much improved on re-consideration; and that all the models, &c., might be again sent in, or fresh ones produced, by any artist, on or before Saturday, the 25th of May following. In accordance with this resolution, a second series of designs, to the number of one hundred and sixty-seven, were sent in, and exhibited at the St. James's Bazaar, St. James's street.

On Saturday, the 22d June, the committee again met for their final decision, at the Thatched House Tavern, and after some preliminary business, proceeded to the ballot, which closed at four o'clock, when the scrutineers made the following notification:—

"In obedience to the resolution of the committee, we, the undersigned, have examined the votes given for the model or design to be selected for the Nelson Memorial, and we declare that Mr. Railton has the majority of votes.

"G. Cockburn,
"P. Laurie, } Scrutineers.

"*Thatched House Tavern, St. James's-street, June 22, 1839.*"

The second competition for this monument having thus been determined, like the former, in favour of Mr. Railton, we waited on that gentleman, who, in the most handsome manner, granted us the use of his drawing to enable us to give an accurate representation of the selected design, which will, we presume, be more interesting from the limited access to the room pending the decision of the committee.

Many of the models and drawings evinced talents of a very high order, and reflected the greatest credit on the respective schools of art:—but a want of due consideration as to the intended locality, and the impracticability of imparting to merely sculptural designs the importance and grandeur attainable in architectural objects, must have operated powerfully against many. In the majority, too, we found allegory only where the subject admitted actual historical illustration, which not merely presents us with a well-drawn fable equally applicable to the career of every hero from Theseus to Wellington, but portrays events peculiar to, and to be identified with, the brilliant course of Nelson's life alone.

The aid of allegory is not, however, lost sight of, for, in the minor sculptures the architect has availed himself of it with feeling and advantage.

A Column, then, with the idea of which must be associated the embellishments and accessories of which it is susceptible, being shown to be by no means inapplicable to its immediate objects, the situation it was to occupy naturally gave it a pre-eminence over every other style of design. Here we have the noblest area in Europe, surrounded by edifices on a scale calculated to cast into insignificance any object of

moderate dimensions—edifices it was necessary to vie with, and to crown without obscuring—here the graceful and commanding proportion of a columnar structure seemed to shut out competition;—and in this class of designs that of Mr. Railton had certainly few real competitors:—the conditions which many of the authors proposed to themselves at starting, having been so much more fully and successfully carried out by him.

The *Pedestal* has on its four sides *bassi relievi* of Nelson's principal engagements. 1.—The boarding of the San Joseph, at the battle off St. Vincent. 2.—The battle of the Nile; Nelson, wounded, receiving from Captain Berry, in the cabin of the Vanguard, the sword of the commander of the Spartiate. 3.—The interview at Copenhagen, between Nelson and the Crown Prince; and 4, the hero, fatally wounded, being carried from the deck of the Victory, at the battle of Trafalgar. Each of these compartments will be 18 feet square; and the figure of Nelson, in each, will be 7 feet high, in order that his features may be easily discerned. The pedestal is raised on a flight of fifteen steps, at the angles of which are African lions, in a recumbent posture.

The *Shaft* is fluted throughout, the base being richly ornamented, the lower torus with a cable, the upper with oak leaves.

The *Capital* is taken from the bold and simple example of MARS ULTOR, at Rome; and from it rises a circular pedestal, ornamented with a wreath of laurel and lions' heads, and surmounted by a statue of NELSON. A figure of Victory is introduced on every side of the capital.

	Height	Width.
Base	10 feet.	104 feet.
Pedestal	39	20 6 in.
Base of column	9	
Shaft	90	12 0
Capital	14	
Pedestal	14	
Statue	17	
Total height	193 feet.	

Mr. Railton proposes to erect the column in the centre of the square, and to lower the ground from the column to the foot-path on the north side to one level, to be ascended by a flight of ten steps, the whole width of the square, which will, in effect, rather add to the height of the National Gallery.

It is undecided whether the *bassi relievi* will be of bronze or of stone.

ESTIMATE OF EXPENSE.

Masonry	£ 16,000
Sculpture	14,000
Total	£ 30,000

In order that a comparison may be instituted between this and other similar objects, the dimensions of the principal columns which have been erected as monuments, are subjoined.

Date.		Order.	Height of Capital.	Diameter
113	Trajan's column, Rome,	Doric,	115 ft.	12 ft.
169	Antonine's column, Rome,	Doric,	123	13
1672	The Monument, London,	Doric,	173	15
1806	Napoleon's column, Paris,	Doric,	115	12
1833	Duke of York's, London,	Doric,	100	11
1839	Nelson's Monument, London,	Corinthian,	169	19

Subscriptions to complete the amount required continue to be received at all the bankers in London and principal towns.

Fine Arts.

AGLIO'S PICTURE OF THE CORONATION OF HER MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA.

MR. AGLIO has just finished his picture of this most interesting national event, of which, at present, we can only give a short account. It appears that it has been Mr. Aglio's object to portray the truly magnificent and splendid appearance of the Abbey on that occasion in a more general view than he conceived other artists would choose to represent. The ceremony of the Coronation is the principal object, but, in a picture, it must of necessity form only a small part of the scene, where the stupendous character of the architecture becomes the more prominent feature. Mr. Aglio has chosen a different view from the general feeling of other artists, by giving to the Abbey a greater share of interest, still keeping it sufficiently subdued for the better effect of the principal subject, the ceremony of the inthronization. His view is from the seats of the peers, the south-western part of the quadrangle. The platform of the throne constitutes the centre of the picture. The peeresses are opposite to the spectator, and the magnificent architectural display up to the painted window, with the temporary gallery, crowded by the assembled multitude. The pulpit produces a gorgeous and pleasing effect. The gallery of the foreign ambassadors, and that appropriated to the members of the House of Commons, form the whole back-ground of the picture. Her Majesty, wearing the imperial crown, assisted by the archbishop and other dignitaries of the church, is ascending the uppermost step of the throne. The general appearance of the picture is very imposing, the execution and colouring free and splendid, and the details correct; we must also add, that, among the vast number of figures represented, there are striking likenesses of many noble individuals present: the figure of our beloved Queen stands prominent, and is admirably effected. On the whole, we consider this picture fully entitled to the public patronage; and, we think, would make an interesting engraving.

THE MOATED HOUSE.

(For the Mirror.)

[*Resumed from page* 213, *vol.* xxxiii.]

"Well may sleep present us fictious,"
Since our waking moments teem
With such fanciful convictions
As make life itself a dream."—*Campbell.*

The mere attribute of antiquity is sufficient to interest the fancy by awakening associations of other times and manners,—these moss-grown remnants become, under the silent influence of accumulated years, endowed with a charm, which the present and the real possess not. This mood of mind is at least blameless, for has not the wise Johnson said, that, "whatever withdraws us from the power of the senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, and the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings"! The willow-fringed bank, where a moated house has been, again invited to that land of dreams which pass before the waking eye; again did I invoke the spell of fancy to bring once more the palmy days of the old mansion, to allow me to wander through the low-browed apartments, and listen to the converse of the long defunct dwellers there. Again did her spells, so "soft and deep," picture the moated dwelling of a past age, but figures altogether new and changed were there. True, there was the same rude antiquity in the old mansion, the porter's lodge, with the stone bench, the heavy porch, and the hall of chequered marble beyond; but the drawbridge, the warder's tower, and the portcullis, were no more. A change had come over all things, and the old family mansions of the country were no longer permitted to be so guarded, since such strongholds had too often been found to harbour those malcontents who set themselves in array against the existing goverment. The terraced garden yet remained, but something less quaint and formal, though still sufficiently so to show that art had not yet been placed under the tuition of nature. It was after the fashion of the garden at Sayes Court, which the pious Evelyn adorned with "flower-borders, alleys, and terraces, mounds and fountains;" and as I cast my eyes along the trim walks, I saw an old gardener busily employed in digging round and pruning a rosemary tree; he raised his eyes, and after looking in every direction, held up his finger in a beckoning manner to some one whom I did not see. The person thus invoked appeared not; so the gardener, after again cautiously glancing round, glided behind the shadow of a yew-hedge, which, cut in fantastic forms, represented round towers, birds, and gothic arches; sheltered by this, was a figure crouching from observation, attired in the costume of Charles the Second, travel-soiled and worn, but bearing about him the indescribable air which marks the gentleman—his countenance was haggard and full of anxiety, and his hair and beard neglected. "Gilbert," murmured he, in suppressed tones, to the gardener, "dare you hold discourse with such a one as I have become?" The old man was preparing to doff his hat and make a speech, but the other stopped him by a caution to beware of observation. "Any news, gallant colonel, of ——?" "Whisper not his name," said the other, "for fear the very trees should 'prate of his whereabouts.' Old man, the times are changed, indeed, since thy master, Sir Everard Baldwin, attended as a page at the court of that murdered saint, King Charles the First; nay, I will speak his beloved name, come what will," said the speaker, again glancing round,—"Gilbert, the regicides are hunting down the son with the same eagerness with which they pursued his father's life."—"But," said the gardener, "tell me, colonel, how you and our royal master escaped the murderous hounds in the wood of Boscobel? Strange reports reached us of your having had, for two mortal nights and days, to lie concealed in the branches of a noble oak-tree—honoured be the oak, from that time, and for ever! I have planted many slips from its branches, and buried many acorns in this old domain of the Baldwins', that future times may guess how all unwillingly we endured this canting brewer's son to usurp the throne of our banished master."—"Hush—hush,—my honest friend, and listen to me, for you know not how important is my message—I have lurked about the whole day to obtain an opportunity like this. Gilbert—be cautious, be vigilant—there will come to-day, on a visit to your master, a gentlewoman, by name Mrs. Lane;* she will arrive on horseback, her attendant, dressed as a serving-man, will ride before her,—but, Gilbert,—this seeming servant is"— Colonel Carless, for no other was the stranger, was here about to explain something of vast import, when the branches of a holly-bush, at no great distance, rustled as some one passed them; the colonel retreated behind the yew-hedge, and old Gilbert, seizing his spade, commenced digging with great energy, where no gardener in his senses ever dug before. A prim puritanical-looking personage emerged from behind the holly-bush. Had Cromwell himself presided at her toilet, greater attention could not have been paid to the eschewing of all vanities of flounce or furbelow; her face was pervaded by a continual smirk of self-complacency and spiritual pride, while her small glistening eyes expressed prying curiosity and all uncharitableness touching the doings of others. "Gilbert," exclaimed

* "On the 10th of September, 1651, Colonel Lane and his sister came to a field adjoining the house where King Charles lay concealed, a short distance from Boscobel, at one Mr. Whitgrave's. She was placed on horseback behind the king, who went by the name of William Jackson, a yeoman's son. It is related, that, on their arriving at a country house, the dread of discovery obliged the monarch to feign sudden illness, and retire to an obscure garret, where his person was in some manner recognised by an old man who brought him up provisions. The heroic Mrs. Lane passed through many dangerous adventures in the management of his Majesty's escape. In the end of October, 1651, he landed safely at Dieppe, in Normandy."

this personage, in a shrill voice, "art thou mad, or verily not sober, what possesses thee to dig into the soft green terrace? thy thoughts are, I fear, old man, far away from thy lawful calling; thou art, dreaming of unrighteous kings and wicked courts, and all the vain scenes in which thy youth was spent. But come along, I have been looking for thee this half-hour to cut me some sprigs of rosemary; and then haste to the kitchen-garden, and see that the rue is planted that I told thee of; I have a hundred uses for that herb of virtue." So saying, she descended from the terrace. A plague take the old Cromwellian, said Gilbert, evil was the day when the watchful dragon entered Baldwin Hall as a housekeeper: muttering this, he disappeared behind a leafy screen which concealed the kitchen garden. "A change came o'er the busy spirit of my dream," which, having obtained access to the Hall, found all in a bustle, preparing for the reception of guests. Sir Everard Baldwin, the present representative of the old family, who still retained possession of the place, was pacing to and fro in the entrance hall, looking anxiously from the porch, in the direction of a road which led to a pair of ponderous gates, erected since the demolition of the drawbridge. Presently a youth, of noble bearing, entered, followed by two dogs, as if from the chase; "I am every moment looking for the arrival of Mrs. Lane," said Sir Everard.—"How does she come, and how attended?" inquired the youth. "By her serving-man—one alone"—said his father; "that serving-man will be"—he drew near to his son's ear, and whispered one word—the youth started—"My boy, let no look or word of thine betray our knowledge of the rank of that person; be on your guard, and in all respects treat him as what he seems to be, a contrary course would hazard every thing." As he spoke, a menial bustled up, and informed his master that the lady they were expecting was approaching. "How is she attended?" asked his master. "Only by a servant-man, who rides before her." The eyes of the father and son exchanged a look of anxious meaning as the gates unfolded, and a goodly steed passed through them, laden with a portly dame, of fair and engaging countenance; before her sat one attired as a serving-man, or footman. He was small of stature, but lightly and elegantly formed, with a profusion of black hair, curling after the fashion of the time, nearly to his shoulders, his complexion, all but the forehead, dark, almost swarthy, his arch and intelligent eyes dark and piercing. A groom hastened up from the stables, the servant assisted his mistress to alight; a word or two passed between them, unheard by the groom, who was engaged in examining the pillion and its appointments. "You can find your way to the kitchen, William," said she, aloud; "and be ready if called for:" the man bowed, and glancing curiously round, followed the groom through the old court-yard.

"He does not look much made for business," said the groom to Mrs. Martha, who stood peering at the stranger, from the window of her own little domicile.—"Not a proper attendant for so staid a person as Mrs. Lane," responded the damsel; "to my fancy, there is the swagger of the cavalier about him; see how negligently he leans against the door-post, instead of preparing to attend his lady at dinner—and my stars!" continued she, as the stranger took off his cap, "what a poll of curling black hair!"

But here, the spirit of dreams introduced me into the grand dining-room, where a goodly company of the neighbouring gentry were assembled to give the meeting to Mrs. Lane, who sat conversing with old Sir Hugh Whitchcole, a stanch royalist. Some of the company were stiff adherents of the extraordinary being who at that time held unquiet possession of the throne. These few, though on visiting terms, held Sir Everard in small esteem, on the ground of his well-known attachment to the exiled family. The dinner was about to commence, when a servant entered, and addressed something in a whisper to Mrs. Lane, who said aloud to Sir Everard, "My poor footman craves leave of absence from attendance at your dinner, he is taken suddenly ill."—"Let him be well attended to," said Sir Everard, "and do you hear, let old Gilbert carry him some dinner, the poor fellow looks more fit for repose than any thing else." Conversation was carried on during the repast with a marvellous formality; there was reserve and distrust on one side, and proud contempt, and suppressed indignation on the other. So wearisome and heavy did the party become, that the scene changed to the spacious kitchen, where a somewhat noisy dispute was being carried on between the gardener and the other servants, on the subject of the invalid footman, who had betaken himself to old Gilbert's humble pallet, in a small room with a window overlooking the holly-bush and yew-hedge, mentioned before. "I tell you," said the latter, with an air of ill-concealed anxiety, "the poor fellow is fairly sick with riding so far through the hot sun and dust, so let me quietly take him a little something to eat."—"A precious guard to his lady," sharply exclaimed Mrs. Martha, "he must have learned these airs of some ne'er-do-well cavalier." The conclusion of her invective was lost on the gardener, who bustled up the stairs with something under a cover; and after instinctively lowering his white head at the door, he softly drew near the closed curtains. There lay the disguised footman, partially undressed, his jetty and redundant locks falling from a fair high forehead, his piercing eyes fixed on the intruder, he held up his hand, and made the peculiar sign, by means of which, in these unsettled times, the banished royalists were wont to discern their adherents, the counter-sign was immediately given—a motion was made to Gilbert to bend his ear, when some word was spoken, which

caused the old man to kneel and kiss the hand of the stranger, with a profound reverence only paid to crowned heads.—"Hush—hush! my honest friend," said King Charles, for no other was the recumbent footman, "my life is in your hands, do not betray it by this mistimed loyalty, for much is to be done, and speedily. As you love your master, hasten to the elm-tree outside the gates; concealed in the branches, waits an endearing friend of mine, tell him that I set out from hence in the morning, and when we are beyond observation, he must join us, for we have much to concert; Richard Pendrill, with two others on whom I can rely, are to give us the meeting."—"Sire," said Gilbert, "the colonel is nearer to your highness's person than the elm-tree, I encountered him ere your arrival."—"Is he?" said the king; "then think you, my good fellow, there would be safety in my talking to him from hence?" Gilbert beckoned from the window, to some one concealed not far off, and in a few seconds the branches of an old tree which shaded the window, were put in motion, and the figure of Colonel Carless presented itself, he was near enough to reach the ledge of the window, his hand was upon it.—"Gilbert! Gilbert!" called a sharp voice, "we have been waiting for you this half hour."—My distress at this untimely interruption to the approaching interview between the disguised monarch and his devoted follower, was so great, that the bands of my day-dreams were rudely broken, and only the daisied meadow, the green mounds, and the neat modern residence erected on the site of the Moated House, were before me.

Kirton Lindsey. ANNE.

ABSTRACTS FROM THE READINGS OF A BOOKWORM.

EMINENT PERSONS.

BOSWELL.

IN the life of Nollekens, vol. I., p. 224, we have not a very flattering picture of the great, and as some have called him, gaping-mouthed admirer of the giant of literature. He is described as being dirty in his habits, seldom washing his hands, and thus causing them to present a very unpleasant contrast with his clean, white ruffles; altogether, he is said to have cut a very indifferent appearance when dressed. Madame d'Arblay makes mention of the mock solemnity he had acquired from his constant endeavour to imitate his great friend, as ludicrous in the highest degree. He would sit in his chair, apparently wrapt up in thought, and out of assumed absence of mind, commit the most foolish mistakes; he affected a slovenliness in his gait, as nearly as he could manage it, resembling the rolling movements peculiar to the doctor; and the ludicrousness of his appearance was completed by the careless make of his clothes, which, according to his orders, were always too large, and sat on him as though they had been made for one not much under the size of a moderate giant. His conceit was, as may be seen by the papers of the day, carried to the extent of having his movements publicly noticed; as for instance, in the following paragraphs:—

"James Boswell, Esq., is expected in town."—*Pub. Advertiser*, Feb. 28, 1768.

"Yesterday, James Boswell, Esq., arrived from Scotland, at his lodgings in Half-Moon Street, Piccadilly."—*ib.* March 24, 1768.

And in the following we have another specimen of his love of publicity:—

"When Mr. Boswell was presented to the General de Paoli, he paid this compliment to the Corsicans:—'Sir, I am upon my travels, and have lately visited Rome. I am come from seeing the ruins of one brave and free people, to see the rise of another.'"—*Lloyd's Evening Post*, Jan. 10, 1766.

The following is another proof of the anxiety he ever manifested to see his name coupled with those of eminent characters:—"On Sunday last General Paoli, accompanied by James Boswell, Esq., took an airing in Hyde Park in his coach. His excellency came out and took an airing by the Serpentine River, and through Kensington Gardens, with which he seemed very much pleased."—*Public Adv.* Oct 4. 1769.

No doubt can be entertained but that these paragraphs found their way into the papers through Boswell's own instrumentality.

Mrs. Hannah More expresses herself as thoroughly disgusted with Boswell; for "after dinner," says she, "he came up much disordered with wine, and addressed me in a manner which drew from me a sharp rebuke, for which, I fancy, he will not easily forgive me." It would appear as though he had made professions of love! H. M.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

MR. EDITOR.—I have for several years last past been a "constant reader" of your entertaining Periodical, "the Mirror": and if you were to pay me a visit, you would see your volumes in a conspicuous part of my library, bound in crimson morocco, and becomingly gilt.

It is not, however, my intention to write you a "Mirror of Compliments," a book which I find, in looking over my bibliographical manual, did once exist in the publishing world. What I desire to set forth (hoping that it may in your judgment be worthy of insertion) is a pleasant trifle, which I have been of late revolving in my mind, with respect to your publication, and which I concocted while eating strawberries and cream in my summer-house.

On looking into an old etymology, I find that *Mirror* is a derivative from the French Miroir, and assimilates to the Italian mirare, and Spanish mirar, and that it means, that in which anything is seen, viewed, or beheld by reflection—when beautiful objects are reflected in it, it excites in the mind of the beholder

admiration, and is then linked to the Latin *miror*, admiror, &c.

The Mirror, then, I would be understood, whose title emblazons your frontispiece, and which is the last of a long line of ancestry, bearing that same title, is the Mirror not only of the present time, but is the Mirror moreover of all antecedent productions of the same name. The fair features of all those which have gone before, still survive in you;—as down through the third and fourth generation, the primeval handsomeness of a fine parent is mirrored in the countenance of his interesting descendant.

To illustrate this, I must run back into that glorious period for Old Britain, when Caxton first put in motion his printing blocks and black types, and produced the first book that ever was printed in England, under the title of the "Mirror of the World." In one edition I find that it was "Printed in the Abbey of Westmestre, by William Caxton;" in the other, which is the first edition, it is written as if with the dash of a broad pen, "Caxton *me fieri fecit*, 1481. folio." This is printed on excellent paper, and ornamented with woodcuts, and spaces are left for the introduction of capital initials. At the Roxburghe Sale, 1752, a copy sold as high as 351*l.* 15*s.*; and another, Willett's, 1672, morocco, for 136*l.* 10*s.* Others, I find, according to Lowndes and Dibdin, have sold for upwards of 50 guineas, and even a damaged edition for 11*l.* 15*s.*

Andrewe's press put forth a reprint of this edition of Caxton, which is considered his *chef-d'œuvre*, and bears this title-page, "The Myrrour and dyscrypcyon of the Worlde, with many Meruyalles. Empr. by me Laurence Andrewe. folio." This contained Caxton's prologue, and several of his cuts introduced. A copy, at the sale of Woodhouse's Library, produced 26*l.*

The next work which appears, bears the brilliant soubriquet of the "Mirroure of Golde,"—in truth it must have been more bright and luminous than the golden shield which Valentine bore, and in which Orson saw himself and wondered. And by whom, think you, was this mirror of gold framed? O, be sure, by featly fingers, and princely! This the beautiful title-page tells us, "The Mirroure of Golde for the Synfull Soule, translated out of Frenche into Englyshe by the *ryght excellent Princesse Margaret*, Moder to our Soverayne Lorde King Henry the VII. 4o. Printed by Richard Pynson. On Vellum." Of this there are three copies to be met with in three of our great libraries. One, Bibl. Harleian, vol. xvi.: printed by that little prince of printers, Wynkyn de Worde, 1522; another, Brit. Mus: and a third, at the library at Cambridge.

Very well, Mr. Loquacious, cries a little hyper-critic, if you think so easily to get over the first part of the difficulty, how will you get over the last. What likeness will you find in having *Queens* for your authors? A great likeness, Sir! By the poet of old time it was said, "my mind to me a kingdom is;" thereby leaving it understood, though unexpressed, that he was king over that kingdom, and if a poetess rule over that kingdom, shall she be crowned and enthronized over it, by title, any other than that of Queen? Truly, Mr. Editor, you have "Queens" to beautify your Mirror of Gold—witness your devout Anne R—, your fair M. S., M.L.B., and a charming multitude of others who reign supremely over our souls.

The next which in point of date presses on our notice, is "The Boke callyd the Myrroure of oure Ladye. Lond. by me Richarde Fawkes, 1530. folio." This Mirror consists of three parts. Part 1., treats of the proper behaviour at divine service. Part 2, begins on fol. xxxii, and consists of the service for each day of the week, which the author termeth, "vii storyes," and ends on folio clxiiii, with a colophon: the next blank leaf, p. 3, printed with a fresh set of signatures, commences on fol. clxvi, and concludes on fol. clxxxiii, without either colophon or device. It has two prologues and a table of the chapyters, xxiiii in number, for the first part. It is altogether a valuable specimen of old printing.

And have we not at this day, the Myrroure of our Ladye—of the Ladye of high degree—*the* Ladye, Queen imperial of the realm. I turn to No. 901 of the Mirror, and I read there of the stately pageants, coronation and festival, of this noble ladye. I read at other places of her acts and deeds as in a fair chronicle, and my loyalty and deep respect becomes deeper and more loyal as I read. Surely, then, Mr. Editor, your's is bonâ fide the "Myrroure of our Ladye,"—of our Sovereign Leige Lady the Queen; and consequently, truly too, may it lay claim to the title of that other renowned Mirror which appeared in 1619, entitled the "Mirror of Majestie."

The next Mirror worthy of notice is one by Johan Fewterer, who dedicates it to the Honourable Lord Husey, styling himself his "daily oratour," and is entitled "the Mirrour of Glasse. Lond. by me Robert Redman, 1534 folio." This pious Johan dates, from where do you think? even "from Syon." Now I never could find that you dated from any other place than the "Strand," as appears on the back and front of your numbers; yet I observe that you do not neglect to feed me with Sion's sweet and sacred food. You have indulged me, in common with all your other readers, with holy "manna," as well as fat, delicious Israelitish quails. You have opened to us the delicious pages of Lord Lindsay, of Lamartine and Chateaubriand; through you we have seen the olive-groves of Judah, and listened to the soft warble of the springs of Sion.

But the year 1559 is remarkably famous in the history of Mirrors; for in this year appeared the "Mirror for Magistrates." The best and most recent edition of this popular production of the reign of Queen Elizabeth is

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one which was edited by Joseph Haslewood, Lond., 1815. 4to. 3 vols., and of which the limited number of copies was 150.

The history of this Mirror, which in 1598, in a reprint for James Roberts, was entitled the "Mirrour of Mirrours," is exceedingly curious, and to the bibliographer especially interesting, on account of the number of reprints constantly in demand, and the many editions into which, in the last half of the fifteenth century, it ran. The first edition was printed, as the title-page has it, "Anno 1559, Londini. in ædibus Thoma Marshe, 4to. 92 leaves." This was edited by William Baldwin, and contained 19 legends. One copy, some short time back, sold for 25*l*.

In the year 1568, a second edition was published by the same hand and same editor: the legends in this, however, were increased to the number of 27.

Three years had scarcely passed since the last edition, before a new one was again in request, which accordingly appeared "newly corrected and augmented."

Next year, 1574, a fourth edition of the first part only, sprang up from Marshe's printing-shop, entituled, "The first part of the Mirour for Magistrates, containing the falles of the first unfortunate Princes of the Lande; from the comming of Brute, to the incarnation of our Saviour and Redemer Jesu Christe." In this, the legends amounted to 16.

Scarce giving the other time to breathe, in 1575, comes out a reprint of the "last parte;" and, again in the same year, a reprint of the first part, which edition, says Ritson, contains 17 legends. In 1578, the last part is again brought out, with 29 legends.

All these were produced by Marshe. There then appears a short gap in the labours of Marshe, during which interim an edition appears, "Imprinted by Richard Webster, 4to. and published by Thomas Blener Hasset, containing the falles of the unfortunate Princes of this lande from the conquest of Cæsar unto the commyng of Duke William the Conqueror.

In 1587, Marshe again appears with his name tagged to this everlasting Mirrour. It reports to be "newly imprinted, and with the addition of divers Tragedies enlarged." These are in this new edition so multiplied, that they mount up to 73 legends.

In 1610, it again finally appears. It then bespeaks itself as "Newly enlarged with a last part, called a Winter Night's Vision, being an addition of such tragedies especially famous, as are exempted in the former history, with a poem annexed, called England's Eliza." In this last, however, though the legends are multiplied, they are much curtailed and modernized.

But here is a beautiful Mirror which shortly after appeared from the press of Thomas Este. It is deliciously entitled, the "Mirror of Princely Deedes and Knighthood, wherein is shewed the Worthinesse of the Knight of the Sunne, and his brother Rosicleer; with the strange love of the beautiful Princesse Briana; of the Valiant Actes of other noble princes and knights. Translated out of Spanish by Margaret Tyler."

There crowd upon me a number of others. There was the "Mirrour of Madness, or a Paradoxe maintayning Madnesse to be most excellent." This was doubtless written by a bedlamite, who best understood his own nature. Then there were, the "Mirrour of Man's Life, Lond., 1580, 16mo. The Mirrour of Man's Miseries, Lond., 1584, 8vo. The Mirror, a Periodical Work, published at Dublin, in 6*d*. numbers, 8vo., 1755, long ago defunct. The Mirror, or Harlequin everywhere. The Weekly Mirror, another periodical publication, 1780. The Green-room Mirror, Lond., Macklin, 8vo., 1795. The Monthly Mirror, commenced in 1795—finished in 1803. The Historical Mirror, Lond., 12mo., 1776;" and a score of others, *quæ nunc perscribere longum est*. There seems to be some hidden reason which hinders the writers' as well as the philosophers' Mirrors from succeeding; and a work might, with equal cause, be written upon these last, as already has been done upon the former, entitled, "An investigation of the Causes which often prevent the proper action of Mirrors." All these unsuccessful ones may be likened to that picture noticed by Walpole, which was found among the stores of old pictures at Somerset House, painted on a long board, representing the head of Edward VI., and which was only to be discerned by the reflection of a cylindric mirror. The effect was, that the aspect of it, after all, was distorted, and unacceptable to sight.

But I do not think that ever you will have occasion so to exert your might. And now, sir, may your path henceforward be as peaceful as it has ever heretofore been. Pursue blessedly the tranquil tenour of your way, inciting sometimes to higher and sublimer themes, and universally to virtue, gentle affections, and kindly good-will; and thus, as in old Gower's Confessio Amantis,—

"Be to the worldes eie
The Myrrour of Exemplarie!"

THOS. HARDWICKE.

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

All infancy's sweet joys thou can'st not tell;
Yet, envy not, fair child, our riper years,
When the heart bleeds or struggles to rebel,
And e'en *our smiles* are sadder than *thy tears*.

Thy gentle age passes without a trace,
Softly, as sighs that mingle with the breeze,
As joyous sounds which distance must efface,
Or Halcyon floating o'er the summer seas.

Let thy thoughts blossom in their later hours,
But now enjoy the dawn! Enjoy the spring!
Thy days are like a wreath of budding flowers,
Spare them, till scatter'd by Time's blighting wing.

Await the future,—fate, alas! for thee,—
As for us all,—has deep regrets in store;
Falsehood, and every ill, we blush to see,
And worthless pleasures, that we should deplore.

Yet, laugh! unconscious of all evil now,
No shade should cloud the azure of thine eyes!
The peaceful innocence of that fair brow
Reveals thy spirit, and *reflects the skies*.

Bentley's Miscellany, No. xxxi.

20.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

(From various Authorities.)

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, the father of the English Poets, and the first great improver and reformer of our language, is supposed to have been born in the second year of Edward III., 1328; but where he first drew his breath, is mere matter of conjecture. Some of his early biographers say that he was born in Berkshire, others, in Oxfordshire; though, from what may be gathered from his writings, his father was a gentleman, and resided in the city of London. In regard to his early years we are entirely in the dark, as to how or where thy were spent; but, as soon as he was fit for academical studies, he was sent to Cambridge, where he gave early testimonies of his abilities, in several elegies and sonnets. When about eighteen he composed the *Court of Love*, in which there are pregnant proofs of skill and learning, as well as quickness of wit and strength of genius. The most correct accounts we have of Chaucer are those taken from his own writings, in which there are a great variety of circumstances that do not occur in any of the early relations of his life; and it is very probable we should never have heard of his having been a student at Cambridge, if he had not left that particular himself. In like manner, though it might have been presumed that the *Court of Love* was not his first performance, it would, at the same time, have been no easy task to prove the assertion, but from a perusal of this poem, we learn that he had written many verses before this production, in honour of the god of love. Indeed, had he been silent on the subject, it would be impossible to persuade any one who is a judge of poetry, that this was his first essay; for not only does the structure of the poem manifest an extraordinary skill in that kind of writing, but the harmony of his numbers, even at this distand period, shows that they could not be penned by an unpractised poet. It is generally believed, that the *Court of Love* was written in imitation of the *Romant of the Rose*. Chaucer, in this poem, declares that it is a tribunal to which every man owes obedience, and to which, sooner or later, they will be obliged to pay respect. As for himself, he professes that he was summoned to do suit and service at the age of eighteen; which affords him an opportunity of describing the Court, the manner of its proceedings, and the statutes of love, by which those proceedings are regulated.

This poem is very long, consisting of upwards of fourteen hundred verses, and concludes with the festival of love, which is celebrated by the birds on the first of May.

We have no correct account as to what college or hall of the University of Cambridge he studied in; but it is generally supposed to have been the Solere's hall, which he has so particularly and humorously described in the story of the *Miller of Trompington*. From thence he removed to the University of Oxford, where he completed his studies. After staying some time at Merton College, and paying strict attention to the lectures of the University, he became, according to Leland, a ready logician, a smooth rhetorician, a pleasant poet, a grave philosopher, an ingenious mathematician, and a holy divine. That he was a master in astronomy is plain from his *Discourses of the Astrolabe*; that he was versed in the hermetic philosophy, appears by his *Tale of the Chanon's Yeoman*; his knowledge of divinity is evident from his *Parson's Tale*; and his philosophy from the *Testament of Love*. After he had left the University he travelled through France and the Low Countries; but at what period he went abroad, or when he returned, are circumstances not easily determined; although we should be inclined to suppose, that his stay abroad was not of long duration, as the most correct writers of his time assert, that after his return he entered himself of the Middle Temple, where he became a student of the Municipal Laws of England. Having received some tincture of this learning, he was introduced to the Court, where he was employed in the quality of King's page, in those times a very honourable office; but this being a post to which none but young men could be admitted on their coming to court, it is generally supposed that Chaucer was not above thirty years of age when he was first admitted. He seems to have owed his admittance into the King's service, in this quality, to the influence of the King's son, John of Gaunt, afterwards Duke of Lancaster. Although this circumstance is not mentioned by any of the early writers of his life, yet there can be no doubt of the truth of the assertion; for it appears, by a poem of his, called *Chaucer's Dream*, first printed in 1597, that he was well acquainted with this young prince's amorous secrets; the poem being an allegorical history of the loves of John of Gaunt and Blanch of Lancaster, daughter of Henry Duke of Lancaster, which appears, from this poem, were managed with the utmost secrecy, until, by a long train of intrigues and solicitations, all the obstacles in the way of their union were got over, and, with the help of the King's consent, and the pope's dispensation, they were married, May 1359. As this was the introduction of John of Gaunt to his vast power and greatness, so it seems to have been the beginning of Chaucer's fortunes at court; at least it appears, that the knowledge he had of this affair, was the cause of his being equally the favourite of the Duke of Lancaster and the Duchess Blanch, who, as the highest testimony of her friendship, gave him the sister of her favourite lady in marriage, a circumstance which is likewise intimated at the end of this poem. This poem is on a different subject from another which bears the same title; but which, in the old manuscripts, is entitled the *Book of the Duchess*, and was written upon her death. Chaucer, who continued to increase

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in favour, under the patronage of the Duke of Lancaster, was one of his most stanch adherents, but notwithstanding his fidelity to his patron, he kept within the bounds of loyalty to his prince, as well as those of duty to his benefactor.

The English court, at this time, was the most gay and splendid in Europe; Edward III., a prince distinguished by civil virtues and martial renown, sat upon the throne, blessed with an illustrious consort, by whom he had a numerous posterity. His many victories had rendered him famous abroad, while his moderation and clemency, his reverence for the laws, and his kindness to his people, made him beloved at home; which has occasioned our chroniclers to boast, that there have been few reigns more glorious, and none brighter that his. Among other qualities with which this monarch was endowed, his love of learning and learned men was not the least conspicuous; and, therefore, it is not surprising that Chaucer, who was continually giving some specimen of his talents, should have wrought himself into high favour; while, at the same time, it appears that he was a constant attendant on the court; and, when it was at Woodstock, resided at a square stone house near the park-gate. Many of the rural descriptions that occur in his works, are taken from Woodstock-park; which he tells us, was a park walled with green stone, being the first park that was walled in England, and not many years before his time. In most of his pieces, where he designs an imaginary scene, it is, doubtless, copied from a real landscape, namely, in his *Cuckow and Nightengale*, the morning walk which he takes may be traced from his house through part of the park, and down by the brook into the vale, under Blenheim-castle, which place he likewise describes in his *Dream*, as a white castle standing upon a hill; the scene in that poem being laid in Woodstock-park. When disengaged from public affairs, his time was entirely spent in study and walking, an exercise which appears to have been very agreeable to him, for he tells us, that he preferred it to all other sports and diversions: his mode of living was temperate and regular; he went to rest with the sun, and rose before it; and by that means enjoyed the pleasures of the finest part of the day, his morning walk, and fresh contemplations. This custom of early rising gave him the means of describing the morning in such a lively manner: the rising sun glows warm in his lines, and the fragrant air blows cool in his descriptions; we smell the sweets of the blooming haws, and hear the music of the feathered choir, whenever we take a forest-walk with him: the hour of the day is not easier to be discovered from the reflection of the sun in Titian's paintings, than in Chaucer's morning landscapes. Though those descriptions may be sometimes too long, when he takes those early rambles, for he seldom knows how to get out of a forest when once entered into; yet how advantageous this beautiful extravagance is, most of his successors well know, who have very plentifully lopped off his exuberant beauties, and placed them as the chief ornaments of their own writings. Besides his employment about the person of his prince, Chaucer took great pains to advance his fortune, by attaching himself, as before observed, to the service of the Duke of Lancaster, by whom, as well as by his Duchess Blanch, a lady remarkable for her wit and virtue, he was exceedingly beloved; nor was it long before he became one of the family; which happened in the following manner. The Duchess Blanch had in her service one Catherine Rouet, daughter of Sir Payne Rouet, a native of Hainault, and guien king-at-arms for that country, who was afterwards married to Sir Hugh Swynford, a knight of Lincoln. Upon his decease, which took place not long after their marriage, she returned into the duke's family, and was appointed governess of his children. She had a sister, whose name was Philippa, and who, being a great favourite with the duke and duchess, was, as a mark of their great esteem, recommended to Chaucer for a wife. He married her about the year 1360, when he was in the flower of his age, and, as appears from a portrait of him taken about that time, to have been one of the handsomest persons about the court. His complexion was fair and beautiful; his lips red and full, his size of just proportion; and his air graceful and majestic. We live at too great a distance of time, to be able to form any correct judgment on the true motives which led to his marriage; but it is not improbable but that he was acquainted with the tenderness, which his patron, the Duke of Lancaster, had for the Lady Swynford, by whom he had several children, who were afterwards legitimated by an act of Parliament. But this alliance was not the only tie he had upon that prince, who was one of the most ambitious and artful men of his time, and being always embarked in state intrigues, was fond of having men of learning about him, of whom he might make use as occasion offered, and in which capacity, as there was none more able, so it appears that none did him greater service, than Chaucer. Being thus powerfully supported, we need not be surprised that his fortunes made a very quick progress at court; and, accordingly, we find many marks of Edward's kindness towards him; among which are the following: namely, in the forty-first year of his reign he granted him an annuity of twenty marks per annum out of the exchequer; and, although the amount, at the present time, may appear but small, at that period it was considered a large pension, which in Chaucer's case was more valuable, being an earnest of future favours; for, not long after, we find him a gentleman of the king's privy-chamber, under which title, the king granted him, by letters patent, dated in the forty-fifth year of his reign, the further sum of twenty

marks per annum, during his life. In the next year he was made shield-bearer to the king, a title now extinct, though at that time a situation of great honour, such persons being always near the king's person, and generally, upon signal victories, rewarded with military honours. In the same year, and by the same title, we find him commissioned, in conjunction with other persons, to treat with the republic of Genoa; but, concerning the subject of this negociation, at this distance of time, it is almost impossible to form a correct judgment; although, from the history of Edward's reign, it may be inferred, that Chaucer was sent to Genoa, for the purpose of hiring ships for the king's navy; for, in those times, though we frequently made great naval armaments, yet we had but few ships of our own, which defect was supplied, by hiring them from the free states in Germany or Italy. In this negociation, Chaucer seems to have given great satisfaction, for upon his return home he received new marks of his prince's favour; for, by letters patent, dated at Windsor the twenty-third of April, in the forty-eighth year of his reign, his majesty granted him a pitcher of wine daily, in the port of London, to be delivered by the butler of England; and, shortly after, he was made comptroller of the Customs, in the port of London, for wool, wool-fels, and hides, with a provisio, that he should personally execute that office, and keep the accounts of it with his own hand. As this was a very lucrative and reputable employment, Chaucer soon became enriched by the profits of his post; while, at the same time, his reputation was much increased by the diligence and integrity with which he discharged it. He valued himself much upon his conduct in this office, which he affirms was never liable to any kind of imputation; an assertion which was doubtless strictly correct; for, towards the close of Edward's reign, there having been a great many frauds and embezzlements committed in the Customs, and a prosecution being commenced against the defaulters, their names were brought before the public, but among these we do not find the name of Chaucer so much as mentioned. About a year after he became in possession of this office, the king made him a grant of the lands and body of Sir Edmund Staplegate, son of Sir Edmund Staplegate, of the county of Kent, in ward, for which he received one hundred and four pounds, which, with other pecuniary advantages he was in possession of, enabled him to raise an income of one thousand pounds per annum, a large sum at that period, and which, he says, enabled him to live with dignity in his office, and good-will among his neighbours; but as all those benefits were principally derived through the influence of the Duke of Lancaster, he became daily more involved in the political intrigues of that active and ambitious prince. It is suggested by many of our historians that the duke had an intention of seizing upon the crown at the death of Edward; and, which they suppose was the cause of the king declaring, in full Parliament, about the time Chaucer was sent to Genoa, the young prince Richard, the only surviving son of Edward the Black Prince, heir apparent to the crown. But a more plain and natural reason for the king's taking this step, in which none more readily concurred that the Duke of Lancaster, seems to have been caused by the king and his son going abroad to carry on the war in France; upon which occasion, the young prince Richard was not only declared heir apparent, but was, nominally, entrusted with the government of the kingdom, during the absence of his father, grandfather, and uncles. A stronger proof of his innocence in this respect cannot be produced than that of his marrying, upon the decease of his Duchess Blanch, the Lady Constantia, daughter of Peter the Cruel, king of Castile and Leon, in whose right, upon the decease of her father, he assumed those royal titles; and, although it must be allowed, that this was a mark of his ambition, and of his inclination to be a king, it proves, at the same time, that he had another crown in view than that of England, when he adopted his devise, of an eagle endeavouring with his bill to undo a footlock. Upon the decease of his eldest brother, Edward the Black Prince, the Duke of Lancaster was associated by his father in the government, and had the principal direction of public affairs. It was at this period, in the most happy season of his life, and when he enjoyed so many of the blessings which this world affords, that Chaucer composed most of those gay and lively pieces, which were so much adapted to the humour of those times, and to that romantic spirit of love and fighting then so much in vogue; and through which he has acquired so extensive a reputation for wit and learning. 19. W. G. C.

CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

The cultivation of flowers is an employment adapted to every grade, the high and the low, the rich and the poor; but especially to those who have retired from the busy scenes of active life. Man was never made to rust out in idleness. A degree of exercise is as necessary for the preservation of health, both of body and mind, as food. And what exercise is more fit for him, who is in the decline of life, than that of superintending a well-ordered garden! What more enlivens the sinking mind! What is more conductive to a long life! The cultivation of flowers is an appropriate amusement for young ladies. It teaches neatness, cultivates a correct taste, and furnishes the mind with many pleasing ideas. The delicate form, and features, the mildness and sympathy of disposition, render them fit subjects to raise those transcendant beauties of nature, which declare the "perfections of the Creator's power." The language of flowers is so elegant an amusement, that we select a few of the most inter-

esting emblems for the gratification of our fair readers.

Beauty.—The Rose.—This queen of flowers is considered the pride of Flora, and the emblem of beauty in every part of the globe.

Calumny.—Madder.—This plant, so essential to dyers and calico-printers, is made the emblem of calumny, since it leaves so permanent a stain on the purest cloth.

Coquetry.—The Yellow Day Lily.—This fragile beauty is made to represent coquetry, as its flowers seldom last a second day.

Courage.—The Black Poplar.—The poplar was dedicated to Hercules, in consequence of his destroying Cacus, in a situation where these trees abounded.

Declaration of Affection.—Tulip.—The tulip has, from time immemorial, been made the emblem by which a young Persian makes a declaration of his attachment.

Diffidence.—Cyclamen.—As modest diffidence adds attraction to beauty, so does this graceful flower engage our notice by its unassuming carriage; for the cyclamen, although it expands in an upright direction, never rears its head to the sun. The Romish church has dedicated this flower to St. Romauld.

Docility.—The Rush.—This plant, so proverbial for its pliability, is the most applicable symbol of docility.

Durability.—Dogwood, or Cornel Tree.—The firm and lasting nature of this wood has caused it to be made the type of duration.

Fidelity.—Wall Speedwell.—This beautiful plant, which attaches itself to old walls, is the symbol of fidelity, This plant is dedicated to St. Simon of Jerusalem.

Forsaken.—The Lilac.—The Eastern nations, from whence this beautiful shrub was originally brought, use the lilac as the emblem of the forsaken, as it is the flower the lover offers to his mistress if he abandons her. —*New York Mirror.*

POPULAR VIEW OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY JAMES H. PENNELL.

(*Resumed from pages* 390, *vol.* XXXIII.)

For a CLERGYMAN, nothing can be so easy, indeed, as to become conversant with this subject, as he is usually the most popular and the most respected person in the parish, so that were he disposed to engage in this pursuit, the greater number of his flock would feel a pleasure in forwarding to him curious specimens, and any information they might possess respecting them. It is almost needless to remark, that the study of natural objects, however small and apparently insignificant they might be, would not in any degree lower him in the estimation of any reflecting being, and would materially tend to exalt his ideas and admiration of the great CREATOR. He would soon find his sermons and other religious writings materially improved, by being able to reveal to his congregation, and to his readers, the wonders and beauties displayed in the book of nature—a book of the greatest assistance to the right interpretation of the Scriptures. Although the list of naturalists of former and of present times does not contain so many names of clerical persons as we might have expected, yet there are several, however, who have materially added to this branch of knowledge, and whose names are as universally known as their writings are celebrated and esteemed. Such reverend naturalists as St. Pierre, De la Pluche, Pontoppidan, Paley, White, and some few others of former times, and Buckland, Sedgwicke, Coneybeare, Bree, Herbert, Jenyns, Bird, Hope, and others of the present day, are more likely to interpret correctly the sacred text, by being better qualified to explain any obscure portions of it which relate to natural history, than they who lack a knowledge of this kind.

ANNOTATORS and CRITICS should possess a very extensive knowledge of natural history, that they may be able to elucidate properly or to criticise fairly such passages in an author as may seem to call for elucidation or criticism. I could fill many pages with expositions of the ignorance which various celebrated annotators have displayed on this subject, and of their unjust criticisms arising from the same cause. These writers seem, in general, merely to have informed themselves on classic natural history, which treats of objects chiefly exotic, while they have neglected, with singular indifference, the natural history of their own country. Hence, we find that the works of Virgil and other ancient classic authors, of foreign climes, have met with much abler natural history annotators, than have those of Shakespeare and other great men of our own country.

To enable those who are attached to the other branches of natural philosophy to pursue their researches with facility and success, some attention to natural history is very requisite. Thus, for example, the *Geologist*, constantly meeting with the remains of animals embedded in the earth, finds it necessary, in attempting to explain the circumstance, that he should inquire into the habits, &c., of the different species;—the *Electrician* may profit from investigating the remarkable properties of the gymnotus, torpedo, &c.; and the *Meteorologist* may be greatly assisted by noticing the arrival of birds of passage, the appearance of insects, the flowering of plants, and the effects produced upon these by atmospheric transitions.

"We are informed by Plutarch, that a citizen of Cyzicus thus acquired the reputation of a good *meteorologist*:—a hedge-hog generally has its burrow open in various points, and when its instinct warns it of the change of the wind, it stops up the aperture towards that quarter. The citizen alluded to, becoming aware of this practice, predicted to what point the wind would next shift." (*Brown's Anecdotes of Quadrupeds*, p. 102.)

Persons should never bathe in places where the *Actinia viridis* is found, as it possesses such stinging powers that they who come in contact with it, are attacked with fever and sickness for some days after.

I commenced this series of articles for the purpose of giving a satisfactory reply to that frequent question—*What is the use of Natural History?* and I trust there are but few readers who will deny that the numerous instances I have adduced of its value are striking and conclusive. I have shown the advantages which have been derived from the possession of such knowledge, and the evils which have been sustained from the lack of it, by *Agriculturalists, Horticulturalists, Planters, Gardeners, Emigrants, Merchants, Travellers, Voyagers, Proprietors of Mines, Physicians, Surgeons, Architects, Mechanics, Soldiers, Fishermen, Artists, Poets, Clergymen*, and several other classes of persons. I shall now, therefore, conclude this portion of my essay with an apt quotation from Herschell's admirable *Discourse on Natural Philosophy*:—"Any accession to our knowledge of nature is sure, sooner or later, to make itself felt in some *practical application;* and a benefit conferred on science by the casual observation or shrewd remark of even an unscientific or illiterate person, infallibly repays itself with interest, though often in a way that could never have been at first contemplated."

Leaving the consideration of the occasional practical uses of the study of Natural History, let us turn to the discussion of its more general uses, as an incentive to health, constant amusement for the mind, and as affording evidences of the existence of a God.

"Let any man pass an evening in vacant idleness, or even in reading some silly tale, and compare the state of his mind when he goes to sleep or gets up next morning, with its state some other day when he has passed a few hours in going through the proofs by facts and reasoning, of some of the great doctrines in Natural Science, learning truths wholly new to him, and satisfying himself by careful examination of the grounds on which known truths rest, so as to be not only acquainted with the doctrines themselves, but able to show why he believes them, and to prove before others that they are true; he will find as great a difference as can exist in the same being,—the difference between looking back upon time unprofitably wasted, and the time spent in self-improvement; he will find himself in the one case listless and dissatisfied, in the other, comfortable and happy: in the one case, if he do not appear to himself humbled, at least he will not have earned any claim to his own respect; in the other case, he will enjoy a proud consciousness of having, by his own exertions, become a wiser, and, therefore, a more exalted creature.

To pass our time in the study of the sciences, in learning what others have discovered, and in extending the bounds of human knowledge, has, in all ages, been reckoned the most dignified and happy of human occupations; and the name of *philosopher*, or *lover of wisdom*, is given to those who lead such a life. But it is by no means necessary, that a man should do nothing else than study known truths, and explore new, in order to earn this high title. Some of the greatest philosophers, in all ages, have been engaged in the pursuits of active life; and an assidious devotion of the bulk of our time to the work which our condition requires, is an important duty, and indicates the possession of practical wisdom. This, however, does by no means hinder us from applying the rest of our time, besides what nature requires for meals and rest, to the study of science; and he who, in whatever station his lot may be cast, works his day's work, and improves his mind in the evening, as well as he who, placed above such a necessity, prefers the refined and elevating pleasures of knowledge to the low gratification of the senses, richly deserves the name of a *true philosopher*.

We are raised by the contemplation of science to an understanding of the infinite wisdom and goodness which the Creator has displayed in his works. Not a step can we take in any direction without perceiving the most extraordinary traces of design; and the skill everywhere conspicuous is calculated, in so vast a proportion of instances, to promote the happiness of living creatures, and especially of our own kind, that we can feel no hesitation in concluding that if we knew the whole scheme of Providence, every part would be found in harmony with a plan of absolute benevolence. Independently, however, of this most consoling inference, the delight is inexpressible of being able to follow, as it were, with our eyes, the marvellous works of the Great Architect of nature—to trace the unbounded power and exquisite skill which are exhibited in the most minute, as well as the mightiest parts of his system. The pleasure derived from this study is unceasing, and so various, that it never tires the appetite. But it is unlike the low gratifications of sense in another respect: while those hurt the health, debase the understanding, and corrupt the feelings, this elevates and refines our nature, giving a dignity and importance to the enjoyment of life, which the frivolous and the grovelling cannot even comprehend." (*Discourse on the Object of Science*, p. 39.)

YOUNG WIVES.

A WRITER in Queen Anne's day, speaking of young brides, says it is usual with young wives before they have been many weeks married, to assume a confident look and manner of talking; as if they intended to signify, in all companies, that they were no longer girls, and, consequently, that their whole demeanour, before they got a husband, was all but a constraint upon their nature, whereas, I suppose, if the votes of wise men were gathered, a very

great majority would be in favour of those ladies, who, after they were entered into that holy state, rather chose to double their portion of modesty and reservedness. Avoid the least degree of fondness for your husband before any witness whatever, even befor your nearest relations, or the very maids of your chamber. This proceeding is so exceedingly odious and disgustful to all who have either good breeding or good sense, that they assign two very unamiable reasons for it; the one is gross hypocrisy, the other has too bad a name to be mentioned. Conceal your esteem and love in your own breast, and reserve your kind looks and language for private hours, which are so many in the four-and-twenty.

The Public Journals.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. N° XVI.

[MR. DICKENS still finds a sufficiency of material to keep his numerous readers in a laughter-loving humour. In the above number he introduces again the "next-door gentleman," who made love to Mrs. Nickleby in such a gallant and truly unique manner; but here we think he does not shine in such humorous colours as he did when first introduced to the reader. The story, although fast verging to completion, does not yet develop the winding-up of the plot. Among much amusing matter, is the following

Description of a Race-Course.]

The great race of the day had just been run; and the close lines of people on either side of the course suddenly breaking up and pouring into it, imparted a new liveliness to the scene, which was again all busy movement. Some hurried eagerly to catch a glimpse of the winning horse, others darted to and fro, searching no less eagerly for the carriages they had left, in quest of better stations. Here a little knot gathered round a pea and thimble table, to watch the plucking of some unhappy greenhorn; and there another proprietor, with his confederates in various disguises—one man in spectacles, another with an eyeglass and a stylish hat, a third dressed as a farmer well to do in the world, with his topcoat over his arm and his flash notes in a large leathern pocket-book, and all with heavy-handled whips to represent most innocent country fellows who had trotted there on horseback—sought, by loud and noisy talk and pretended play, to entrap some unwary customer, while the gentlemen confederates (of more villanous aspect still, in clean linen and good clothes,) betrayed their close interest in the concern by the anxious furtive glance they cast on all new comers. These would be hanging on the outskirts of a wide circle of people assembled round some itinerent juggler, opposed in his turn by a noisy band of music, or the classic game of "Ring the Bull;" while ventriloquists, holding dialogues with wooden dolls, and fortune-telling women smothering the cries of real babies, divided with them, and many more, the general attention of the company. Drinking-tents were full, glasses began to clink in carriages, hampers to be unpacked, tempting provisions to be set forth, knives and forks to rattle, champagne corks to fly, eyes to brighten that were not dull before, and pickpockets to count their gains during the last heat. The attention so recently strained on one object of interest, was now divided among a hundred; and look where you would, was a motley assemblage of feasting, laughing, talking, begging, gambling, and mummery.

Of the gambling-booths there was a plentiful show, flourishing in all the splendour of carpeted ground, striped hangings, crimson cloth, pinnacled roofs, geranium pots, and livery servants. There were the Stranger's club-house, the Athenæum club-house, the Hampton club-house, the Saint James's club-house, and half-a-mile of club-houses to play *in*; and there was *rouge-et-noir*, French hazard, and *La Merveille*, to play *at*. It is into one of these booths that our story takes its way.

Fitted up with three tables for the purposes of play, and crowded with players and lookers on, it was—although the largest place of the kind upon the course—intensely hot, notwithstanding that a portion of the canvas roof was rolled back to admit more air, and there were two doors for a free passage in and out. Excepting one or two men who—each with a long roll of half-crowns, chequered with a few stray sovereigns, in his left hand—staked their money at every roll of the ball with a business-like sedateness which showed that they were used to it, and had been playing all day, and most probably all the day before; there was no very distinctive character about the players, who were chiefly young men apparently attracted by curiosity, or staking small sums as part of the amusement of the day, with no very great interest in winning or losing. There were two persons present, however, who, as peculiarly good specimens of a class, deserve a passing notice.

Of these, one was a man of six or eight and fifty, who sat on a chair near one of the entrances of the booth, with his hands folded on the top of his stick, and his chin appearing above them. He was a tall, fat, long-bodied man, buttoned up to the throat in a light green coat, which made his body look still longer than it was, and wore besides drab breeches and gaiters, a white neckerchief, and a broad-brimmed white hat. Amid all the buzzing noise of the games, and the perpetual passing in and out of people, he seemed perfectly calm and abstracted, without the smallest particle of excitement in his composition. He exhibited no indication of weariness, nor, to a casual observer, of interest either. There he sat, quite still and collected. Sometimes, but very rarely, he nodded to some passing face, or

beckoned to a waiter to obey a call from one of the tables. The next instant he subsided into his old state. He might have been some profoundly deaf old gentleman, who had come in to take a rest, or he might have been patiently waiting for a friend without the least consciousness of anybody's presence, or fixed in a trance, or under the influence of opium. People turned round and looked at him; he made no gesture, caught nobody's eye,—let them pass away, and others come on and be succeeded by others, and took no notice. When he did move, it seemed wonderful how he could have seen anything to occasion it. And so, in truth, it was. But there was not a face that passed in or out this man failed to see, not a gesture at any one of the three tables that was lost on him, not a word spoken by the bankers but reached his ear, not a winner or loser he could not have marked; and he was the proprietor of the place.

The other presided over the *rouge-et-noir* table. He was probably some ten years younger, and was a plump, paunchy, sturdy-looking fellow, with his under-lip a little pursed from a habit of counting money inwardly as he paid it, but with no decidedly bad expression in his face, which was rather an honest and jolly one than otherwise. He wore no coat, the weather being hot, and stood behind the table with a huge mound of crowns and half-crowns before him, and a cash-box for notes. This game was constantly playing. Perhaps twenty people would be staking at the same time. This man had to roll the ball, to watch the stakes as they were laid down, to gather them off the colour which lost, to pay those who won, to do it all with the utmost despatch, to roll the ball again, and to keep this game perpetually alive. He did it all with a rapidity absolutely marvellous; never hesitating, never making a mistake, never stopping, and never ceasing to repeat such unconnected phrases as the following, which, partly from habit, and partly to have something appropriate and business-like to say, he constantly poured out with the same monotonous emphasis, and in nearly the same order, all day long:—

"Rooge-a-nore from Paris, gentlemen, make your game and back your own opinions—any time while the ball rolls—rooge-a-nore from Paris, gentlemen, it's a French game, gentlemen, I brought it over myself, I did, indeed! —rooge-a-nore from Paris—black wins—black —stop a minute, sir, and I'll pay you directly —two there, half-a-pound there, three there —and one there—gentlemen, the ball's a rolling—any time, sir, while the ball rolls—the beauty of this game is, that you can double your stakes or put down your money, gentlemen, any time while the ball rolls—black again—black wins—I never saw such a thing —I never did in all my life, upon my word I never did; if any gen leman had been backing the black in the last five minutes he must have won five-and-forty pound in four rolls of the ball, he must, indeed—Gentlemen, we've port, sherry, cigars, and most excellent champagne. Here, wai-ter, bring a bottle of champagne, and let's have a dozen or fifteen cigars here—and let's be comfortable, gentlemen—and bring some clean glasses—any time while the ball rolls—I lost one hundred and thirty-seven pound yesterday, gentlemen, at one roll of the ball: I did, indeed!—how do you do, sir," (recognising some knowing gentleman without any halt or change of voice, and giving a wink so slight that it seems an accident,) "will you take a glass of sherry, sir—here, wai-ter, bring a clean glass, and hand the sherry to this gentleman—and hand it round, will you, waiter—this is the rooge-a-nore from Paris, gentlemen—any time while the ball rolls—gentlemen, make your game, and back your own opinions—it's the rooge-a-nore from Paris, quite a new game, I brought it over myself, I did, indeed—gentlemen, the ball's a rolling."

New Books.

Travels in South-Eastern Asia, &c. By the Rev. Howard Malcolm. 2 vols. Tilt.

[Mr. Malcolm has done an important service by the publication of these truly interesting volumes: they are the results of close observations made while on a tour to the principal American missionary stations. The author gives the following description of his interview with the Sur-ra-wa prince, the reigning sovereign of Burmah.]

The Alompra forehead, which distinguishes this family, slopes backward somewhat too rapidly for a good head, but is high, and has great breadth. When speaking, his countenance is lighted up with great animation. Though less literary than his uncle, the Mekara prince, he is considered more talented, and to possess more general information. He spoke in high terms of our country, and acknowledged the impolicy of the restriction on exports, and other impediments at Rangoon. In remarking on various countries and their institutions, he showed not only an enlightened, but a reflective and strong mind. Respecting the tribes between here and China, he gave me much valuable information. The object of my visit to the "golden city" being explained to him, I expressed much satisfaction in finding our missionaries here fully protected, and enjoying all the rights of citizenship. He immediately drew a comparison between the liberal usages of this country, in receiving and protecting all foreigners, and the policy of China, in excluding them; invited me to place teachers in the adjacent cities; and recommended me to travel in the interior, and see more of the country. During the interview, his lady was introduced, with a lovely infant, two or three years old; and nothing occurred to indicate that odious haughtiness which so generally attaches to men of his rank in the East. On taking leave, he invited us to visit

his garden next day, which we did; for I deem a garden a test of civilization. We found a large space, perhaps an acre, well laid out, with raised brick foot-paths, plastered, and resembling stone. Marble tanks, artificial ponds, with gold and crimson fish, numerous watercourses and reservoirs, and several men engaged in drawing water from wells, showed how much attention to irrigation is necessary to a garden at Ava. He had the peach, apple, coffee, fig, and many other foreign fruits, beside the varieties of luscious ones which are native. In an adjacent enclosure he had wild animals and some singular birds, perfectly gentle, and going at large. On the whole, it was a tasteful and pleasing spot.

[It is certain that the Hindoos are far behind the Burmese in the social endearments of society: the latter people being more temperate, unassuming, and affectionate, and by whom the tender relations of domestic life are ardently cherished.]

The mode of kissing is curious, though natural. Instead of a slight touch of the lips, as with us, they apply the mouth and nose closely to the person's cheek, and draw in the breath strongly, as if smelling a delightful perfume. Hence, instead of saying, "Give me a kiss," they say, "Give me a smell." There is no word in the language which translates our word *kiss*.

The Gatherer.

New and Old Styles.—Previous to and during the reign of Henry VIII., it was customary to begin and end the year on Lady-day; but the modern mode of beginning the year on the 1st of January having then been partially adopted, the natural consequence was, that what happened in the months of January, February, and part of March, in any given year by the first mode, was set down as in the year ensuing by those who adopted the second, so as to render necessary the practice, afterwards so frequent, of dating thus—1320-1, 1526-7.

The Goldsmith's Company have given a commission to Mr. Samuel Nixon to execute, in marble, four statues of "The Seasons," for the grand staircase of their Hall.—*Art Union.*

Mount Hecla, at the Zoological Gardens, is truly a most interesting and extraordinary exhibition. By means of water, fire-works, machinery, and splendid scenery, an effect is produced that to be imagined must be seen.

The Death of Nelson, by Stothard, is now exhibiting at Mr. Tiffen's, Strand.

The precept, "know thyself," was not solely intended to check the pride of mankind, but likewise that we might understand our own worth.—*Cicero.*

The young Giraffe, at the Zoological Gardens.—This interesting animal, at its birth, which took place on the 19th ult., was perfectly motionless, and apparently dead, but when gentle friction was applied, it unexpectedly gave a sudden shudder, and breathing and motion quickly followed. It made many vigorous efforts to stand, raising itself on the fore-knees, and was able to support itself two hours after birth. It imbibed with avidity warm cow's milk from a bottle, and uttered two gentle grunts or bleats like a fawn or calf. The length of the Camelleopard, from the muzzle to the setting of the tail, is six feet ten inches, the tail being terminated by the usual tuft of long black hair, and his head reached the height of six feet. Its sire seemed to take great delight in his English progeny, but the dam would take no notice whatever of it, refusing to suckle it: it was, therefore, fed upon cow's milk, which, in all probability, disagreeing with it, hastened its death, which happened on Friday the 28th ult. The event is a great loss to the Society, no less a sum than 75*l.* having been taken from visitors the day before its death.

Moral Character of the Africans.—The inferiority of the dark to the white races is much more general and strongly marked in the powers of knowledge and reflection, the intellectual faculties (using that expression in its most comprehensive sense), than in moral feelings and disposition. Many of the former, although little civilized, display an openness of heart, a friendly and generous disposition, the greatest hospitality, and an observance of the point of honour, according to their own notions, from which nations more advanced in knowledge might often take a lesson with advantage. The travels of Barrow, Le Vaillant, and Mungo Park, abound with anecdotes honourable to the moral character of the Africans; and proving that they betray no deficiency of the amiable qualities of the heart. One of these gives us an interesting portrait of the chief of a tribe:—"His countenance was strongly marked with the habit of reflection. Vigorous in his mental, and amiable in his personal qualities, Gaika was at once the friend and ruler of a happy people, who universally pronounced his name with transport, and blessed his abode as the seat of felicity." Some European kings might take a lesson from this savage.—*Lawrence.*

A Weekly Paper for the Blind was commenced in March last, at Palermo. It is printed with letters *in relievi*, so as to be read by the touch. It is entitled: "Il Consolatore dei Ciechi." (The Comforter of the Blind.)

It is a fact, that in Russia, all the foreign newspapers and journals admitted into the imperial dominions, are subject to the examination of the censorship, and that every thing objectionable in them, whether it be an entire article, a sentence, or a mere expression, is obliterated by a chemical ink.—*For. M. Rev.*

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